MORES PORCI.

When C——n is meek
He is weak, weak, weak;
When noisy and blunt
He is grunt, grunt, grunt;
When he tries to look big
He is pig, pig, pig,
When he thinks he can shine
He is swine, swine, swine;
And when at his prog
He is hog, hog, hog.
You may give him his fill
Of swill, swill, swill,
But he'll never leave off
From his trough, trough, trough,
Except to retire
To his mire, mire, mire,
And to wallow and roll
In his hole, hole, hole.
When his last end is nigh
He'll vamose from his stye
And with tail to the sky.
He will "Root Hog and die."